

WORKERS of the WORLD UNITE THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST

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WHO ARE THE FOES?

To those who love their native land
The day is here; the hour has come
For you to join the patriot band
And strike for home.

'Tis not the foe on foreign soil—
The wheat you eat that soil doth grow—
That threatens. Lo! the foreign foil
Strikes us no blow.

No; 'tis the foe within our gate,
The foe that battens on our need.
The foul ungodly Gods of hate,
The vain and vicious Gods of greed.

They are the foes that blight our land,
They are the foes of blood malign
That threaten us on either hand
With sword and mine.

They are the foe within whose band
The wanton rich and flunkey brood
Fight, and have turned a traitor's hand
Upon our food.

Who sucks the blood of lowly man,
Who taketh toll of woman's woe,
Who on the babe's life puts a ban—
They are the foe.

Such are the foe, shall they escape?
The answer to the challenge hurled
By Lords of Land and Gold who rape
God's own fair world.

No; let them quail. Their hour has come.
For all who love their fellowmen
Will strike to-day these Lords of shun
And deadly den.

—H.M.R., in the *Labor Leader*.

The Passing Show.

CONDUCTED BY OTUS.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND children of the
rubbied people of India sang "God Save
the King" at George the Fifth. They say
there was more than loyalty at the sack
of the song—the Indian people know how badly
George needs Salvation.

Tom Mottram, writes from Melbourne,
enclosing sub: "I am always waiting for
the paper to come along. It's always on
the firing line, and always for the working-
class. I wish we could place it in the
hands of ten thousand working men every
week. It would wake them up, sure; and
"Laborism's" rottenness would vanish
and the true working-class movement be
born. However, as we know, there is only
one end for the Labor Party—and that is
failure. Our work is clear. We have to
build the frame-work of the Socialist Re-
public in the Industrial Union—in the fac-
tories and the workshops, and by revolu-
tionary action on the political field. This
work is being splendidly done by THE IN-
TERNATIONAL SOCIALIST. MAY it grow
larger and its influence become greater till
the Revolution comes."

Wagees Boards idiocies (it would be libel
under the law to call them perjuries):
When the deep-sea men wanted extra wages,
the employers swore that their work was
the same as the coastal men, and should be
paid at the same rate. Now that the coastal
men want the same rate as the deep-sea
men, the employers swear that their work is
lighter, and should be paid for at a lower
rate.

While Willy Wood was larrikinising in
N.S.W. Assembly the other day George
Black discovered that Colonel Onslow's dress
was disarranged, and proceeded to tell the
"gallant soldier" of the fact. The colonel
advised the man from the Namoi to go to
hell—as if he wasn't near enough to it at
Narriabri. Then the honorable member from
the Namoi called the honorable member from
Waverley (whose dress was disarranged) a
damn cad or snob or some other old thing.
In the end, the gallant Colonel (whose dress
was disarranged) was emptied out by Enery
Willis, and the honorable member for the
Namoi was ordered to apologise; and
"they are all honorable men," my country-
men.

The war explained—likewise the Church's
blessing: "In Tripoli there are hills and
mountains in the interior said to contain
valuable mines."

You have tried voting for Conservatism
and you have not improved your condition.
You have tried voting for Liberalism and
you have not improved your condition.
Why not try voting for Socialism?

In *Die Gleichheit* (Equality), published at
Stuttgart, Germany, the editor—the bril-
liant Clara Zetkin—says some very nice and
very well-deserved things (which will be
endorsed by every revolutionary Socialist in
Australia) concerning our talented comrade,
Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore. The article ap-
pears under the head of "The Socialist
Woman Movement in Other Lands," and
reads: "For the spread of the Socialist
ideal in Australia our Comrade Dora Mon-
tefiore has been working for the last year
with the enthusiasm and devotion which
she displayed in England in the service of
the proletariat struggling for emancipation.
In Melbourne, Sydney, Wellington, and
other places in these distant English colo-
nies, she has been busy with tongue and with
pen helping to bring in the workers under
the banner of International Socialism. She
has lectured before political and Trade
Union organizations, has spoken in halls
and at street meetings, and was present at
the Labor Party's Conference. Before an
important gathering of the Science Congress
at the Sydney University she defended the
cause of the unprivileged proletariat. When
the editor of THE INTERNATIONAL
SOCIALIST, Comrade Holland, fell suddenly
ill, Comrade Montefiore came to the rescue,
and took over the editorship of the paper,
which is the weekly Socialist propagandist
sheet in Australia. Naturally our comrade
does not neglect to treat the woman ques-
tion from the Socialist standpoint, nor to
win working women to the Socialist Move-
ment. Comrade Montefiore lived formerly
in Australia, and was among the first
women to work for womanhood suffrage.
The propaganda that she is now carrying
on is a fine proof that the Socialists have a
fatherland in any country where they can
work for the Socialist ideal, which ideal
gives to their lives both purpose and ob-
ject."

Hugh Dixon's (Christian tobacco capital-
ist) reply to the Lithgow Strikers' Appeal
was a worthy example of the Christian
Charity of Capitalism. But it is not to the
credit of the Defence Committee that they
permitted such an appeal to a member of
the exploiting class.

Archbishop Kelly is cursing Freemasonry
from Dan to Beersheba and from the Gulf
of Carpentaria to Port Phillip and from
Sydney to Fremantle—with a very loud
curse. But what about Anti-pot-hat Andy
Kelly, who is both Catholic and Free-
mason?

According to the Census of 1900, an
American Socialist writer declares, the
United States has nearly 2,000,000 children
under the age of sixteen who are wage-
earners. In some of the industries, as the
textile factories of the south, the rate of in-
crease in child labor is in excess of that of
adults. From 1870-1880 number of men
increased 92 per cent; number of women
77 per cent; number of children 140 per
cent. From 1880-1890 number of men 21
per cent; number of women 269 per cent;
number of children 106 per cent. From
1890-1900 the number of men increased 79
per cent; number of women 158 per cent;
number of children, 270 per cent. Thus the
increase of child labor during the last
decade in the southern textile mills is more
than 50 per cent in excess of total increase
in adult labor. In North Carolina out of
40,000 textile workers, 8000 or one-fifth are
children under fourteen years of age; in
Alabama the number of workers employed
is estimated at 50,000 with 34 per cent of
them under twelve years of age; and ten
per cent under ten years. These children
work twelve hours a day, and the oldest get
fifty cents and the youngest get nine cents.

Said Mr. Walter Watt (chairman of the
N.C. Steamship Co.) when R. A. Price bel-
lowed on board the Wollongbar: "This is
not a political meeting. (Alf. Edden:
"Hear, hear.") Of course we have got
something out of the Government, and hope
to get some more." The representatives of
industrial and political Capitalism sink their
differences while they fraternise over cups
of sparkling champagne. It is only for
the edification of the fool-workers who are
mule voters that the Vatts and the Prices
and the Eddens fight politically in public.
There is a life's lesson in that chairman's
remark that "this isn't a political meet-
ing."

The Commonwealth Oil Corporation is
working the men who are engaged at the
retorts twelve hours a day. The exceed-
ingly meek enginedrivers and firemen's Craft
Union considers this "excessive."

After having inserted in the Federal Elec-
toral Act a clause to penalise electors who
refrain from voting, the Labor Party then
proceeded to legislate so as to penalise any-
one voting for candidates other than those
of the two big parties of capitalist interests.
Mr. Charlton's motion to abolish the deposit
of candidates was defeated by 25 to 8. This
means that if there are say 25 Socialists in
a constituency, and they run a candidate of
their own and vote for him in accordance
with one section of the Act, they will be
fined £1 each under another section of the
Act. If they are too poor to collectively
pay £25 for the privilege of voting, they
will be penalised for being poor. It sums
up into a declaration that the Labor Party
is only willing to permit minorities to vote
when they are able to pay for the privilege.
Queer old Democracy. Still the Socialists
can write Socialism across the face of the
ballot paper.

Snapped Judge Higgins at the Seamen's
Union's lawyer, when it was suggested that
the firemen would refuse to dump ashes and
get up steam at the same time: "If your
clients did that I would soon entertain a
certain application in regard to the award.
I have a very strong view that if you are to
get wages and conditions fixed, those wages
and conditions must be accepted and obeyed,
whether they be good or bad." And
Mr. Higgins is their "best Judge," too.

Extract from a report of the bear garden
of the Holy City, the Union Mortuary:

Mr. Merry: "After the letter came into
my office Mr. Wallace came in and said
that the president and secretary of the
Trades and Labor Council were getting
something from the employers to keep back
the special meeting. I am going to state
here that Mr. Wallace deliberately lied;
my conduct and character will stand a long
way above his in connection with the Trades
and Labor Council. I challenge Mr. Wall-
ace to stand up and prove that my actions
were wrong." (Applause).

Mr. Wallace: "Withdraw the statement
that I deliberately lied."

Mr. Merry: "I withdraw; still the
reason why the special meeting was not
called has already been stated by Mr.
Hahn."

Mr. Wallace: "On a personal explana-
tion, I may say that at the time I went into
Mr. Merry's office and asked how much he
was getting to stop the meeting I really
thought it was a fact. (Uproar.) Now, I
say I thought he was getting something out
of it, but since then I have come to the
conclusion that if anybody paid Mr. Merry
for his services to the employing class he
would be a bigger fool than Mr. Merry is."
(Laughter and dissent.)

Labor-Member Catts (the *Adelaide Herald*
prints it "Catt") objects to the action of
certain members of the Railway and Tram-
way Service Association who don't approve
of the doings of the executive of that craft
union. Mr. Catts declares: "While I
occupy a position of responsibility, the
affairs of 10,000 men are not going to be
taken out of the hands of the responsible
executive by loud-lunged and irrational de-
structionists." There now! That should
silence those loud-lunged and irrational de-
structionists for ever!

This from *Cotton's Weekly* (Canada): In
the Chicago slaughter pens old bulls are
kept who are trained to lead the cattle down
the slaughter alleys to their deaths. The
old bulls are let go by, but their followers
are killed. In the same way the capitalists
keep certain labor leaders in the political
arena to lead the working-class to their
economic death. The working cattle vote
for the labor leader bull because he is a
"working-man." When the labor leader
gets to parliament he works in the interests
of the masters. Beware of the labor poli-
tician who supports the system of wage
slavery.

A condemned man fighting desperately
with the executioner beside the guillotine at
Lemans (France) was one of the spectacles
that Capitalism provided last week, while
"the mob" roared with fury.

John Verran's "Labor" Government re-
cently supplied the State Governor with the
names of thirty schools, in order that the
said State Governor might cause a framed
photo. of King George and his legal wife
and six children to be hung on their walls
for the edification of the common kids of
the working-class. In due time, the loyal
official organ of the S.A. Labor Party, the
Daily Herald, printed a reproduction of the
picture in its pages, with a little loyal slop-
ber. Having thus demonstrated its loyalty
to the figure-head of Capitalism, we need
not be surprised if the S.A. Schools are
next decorated with pictures of the scab
employers from Renmark and other of John
Verran's supporters. Jim McGowan might
even forward a large picture of loyalist
Hoskins of Lithgow, for the same purpose.

A ganger on the North Coast railway who
went on strike because the Labor Govern-
ment reduced his wages, has been notified
by "Labor" Minister Arthur Griffith that
he is to be victimised for life because he
wouldn't be a scab.

When the railway workers went on strike
on the North Coast railway, "Labor" Min-
ister Arthur Griffith stated that if the gang-
ers had caused a strike without the consent
of the union they would be dealt with by
the department, and if the union had asked
them to come out on strike he would deal
with them through the union, as he wanted
no petty strikes. "Man clothed with a
little brief authority" plays some fool
tricks in an endeavor to make scabs out of
ordinary working men.

New Zealand Seamen's Union, by 1180
votes to 197 (nearly 10 to 1), has decided
to cancel its registration under the Arbitra-
tion Act. This decision was arrived at in
the various branches as follows: Dunedin,
150 to 5; Auckland, 167 to 96; Wellin-
gton, 572 to 96. New Zealand moves.

A correspondent from Queensland writes:
"Enclosed is sub. for Press Fund. I think
I can manage a couple of bob a month.
All you want now is to get one Socialist in
every town to do the same, and you would
be right." All who wish success to our
work, please take note.

By a variation of the Carters' award the
carters employed by C. Swadley and Son,
Pymont, are to work 11 hours a day, with
a "half-day" of six hours on Saturdays.
Sixty-one hours a week! And the N.S.W.
Government has an eight hours' day for a
plank of its platform, too.

The S.A. Labor Government has not only
dismissed and victimised nurses who ob-
jected to being tyrannised over by a "sister" or
head nurse, and also to the cruel treatment
to which patients were subjected; but,
when Nurse Dora E. Holland attended at
the Hospital in order to give evidence before
the board in defence of the probationers,
she was peremptorily ordered out of the
hospital grounds by the gardener, who told
her he had received strict instructions to
order her off!

Let brotherly love continue. Some time
back the Engine-drivers and Firemen's
Union entered into agreements (always re-
member agreements are contracts to scab)
with certain employers. Lately they have
secured an award from Judge Higgins, which
is much more favorable in its terms than
the agreement. The "union" has, how-
ever, decided that the members must not in-
sist on the award being observed where it
clashes with the agreements. It has been
resolved that "all agreements already en-
tered into shall be loyally respected." And
now there isn't any fear of the capitalists
leaving the blessed country any more.

London *Justice* describes the British Labor
Party: "The Labor Party, as all its lead-
ers are most anxious to make known, is not
a Socialist Party. A majority of its Parliam-
entary group, which controls its policy
and formulates its programme, consists of
avowed Liberals. Thus the policy of the
Labor Party is necessarily a Liberal policy.

Not only is the Labor Party not
a Socialist Party, but the Socialist elements
therein cannot move in a Socialist direction.
At the present moment we see a striking
and humiliating illustration of this in re-
gard to the Insurance Bill."

The postal workers should strike!

Receipt of Sample Copy of this Paper is an invitation to you to become a Subscriber.

To our Contributors.

CONTRIBUTORS TO THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST are reminded that our space is exceedingly limited. The more short articles and crisp and snappy paragraphs will have the best chance of securing publication.

Writers are asked to note that preference will be given to articles dealing with current industrial and political events from a Revolutionary Socialist viewpoint. Articles must not exceed 1000 words. Open Column contributions exceeding 500 words cannot be printed.

Write legibly, on one side of the paper only, and leave good space between the lines.

When posting, leave ends open, and mark "Press Copy Only." A penny stamp will then be sufficient from any part of Australia. Address to "The Editor." No private communication must be included.

Every contribution must bear the writer's name not necessarily for publication.

Contributions received later than Tuesday morning cannot be guaranteed insertion in following week's issue.

Friends and Members visiting THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST Office are urged to assist in getting business done with expedition. DON'T STAY TO TALK. We're always busy, and the delays we are subjected to in the daytime we have to make up for by working through the night hours.

A Blue Mark through this paragraph indicates that YOUR SUBSCRIPTION WILL EXPIRE WITH NEXT ISSUE.

A Red Mark indicates that your Subscription must be renewed AT ONCE, if you desire the delivery of the paper to continue.

"Capitalism is the Golden Hovel of Hell on the rising neck of awakened humanity."

A Christmas Sermon.

On Peace and War, and "Bobs" and Immorality.

BY W. R. W. AND I. E. H.

THIS is the era of "Peace on Earth," and the churches proudly boast that *their* Prince is the Prince of Peace. Nevertheless it is the churches that cry for war, it is the churches that pray for the successful killing of men; it is the churches that in the name of the meek and lowly Jesus give their blessings to all the soulless, widow-making, orphan-manufacturing, bloody wars of Capitalism. And it is the materialistic Socialists who, all over the world, denounce war and demand peace. It was the christian Pope who laid a benediction, and never a curse, on that awful crime that the Italian Government is so foully committing in Tripoli. It was the International Socialist Bureau that condemned it. Tomorrow, while the church-upholders of capitalistic murder and theft are praying in a hundred cathedrals and churches to their God of War, the materialistic Socialists in the several great centres of Australia will be asking the workers to carry the following (or similar) resolutions:

1. That this meeting of Socialists and other workers declares itself uncompromisingly hostile to all forms of militarism, recognising that whilst the present class State exists the armed forces will be used to buttress up capitalism, and to hold down the workers. This meeting further recognises that all the energies of the working-class can be most profitably utilised in building up their industrial and political organizations, which shall finally render war impossible, and which organizations by international affiliation and alliances between the working-classes of all nations are at present the chief guarantee of the peace of the world.

2. That this meeting strongly condemns the Italian Government for its unwarrantable bombardment and seizure of Tripoli in the interests of capitalistic exploitation, and learns with indignation of the barbarities reported to have been perpetrated by Italian troops. This meeting further joins with the organized workers in Europe in earnestly manifesting their abhorrence of the war, and in bringing working-class pressure to restore peace between the two conflicting powers.

It is well to remember that the churches, upholding the horror of war, have never lost an opportunity to charge the Socialist movement with being a factor making for im-

morality and designing to wreck the marriage system and break up the home. And, remembering this, it is also well to remember that there is no greater agency of immorality than the military system. Anarchist Emma Goldman has exposed it in burning language. Mrs. Josephine Butler (religious reformer) has had something to say concerning militarism and immorality—concerning "the treatment of Indian women by the British Government." Was it not Mrs. Butler who declared that "if the truth were known . . . it would become impossible for our rulers to continue to maintain the cruel and wicked regulations by which the Indian women are enslaved and destroyed."

And this brings us along to the fact that Lord Roberts (affectionately called "Bobs" by so many foolish women and stupid men), has sent a letter to the boys of Australia.

The Rev. H. J. Rose, Senior Chaplain of the Military Forces of the Commonwealth, feeling perhaps that something of the sort would be very useful in spreading the gospel of international homicide amongst the boys, suggested the idea to "Bobs," and the letter recently published in the press was the result.

"Bobs," the Rev. Rose, and others, are hard at work on both sides of the world in a unanimous effort to fasten conscription on the British and Australian workmen, who are just now showing too much interest in social and political questions, and devoting too much effort to the spread of ideas destructive of Capitalism.

In his message, Lord Roberts says: "Tell them [the boys] that a great opportunity has been given them, of which I hope and believe they will make the most; that the training which they are undergoing will help them towards the formation of their characters, and that this is by far the most important thing they can attend to at this period of their lives, for without character no man, however talented, however clever he may be, can ever succeed in life."

"Bobs" knows what character will be developed by the training—what character it is the object of the training to develop. He is delighted that the youth of Australia has been handed over to the militarists so that its character may be moulded in the particular way they desire.

"Their aims and objects," he says, "should be to make themselves truthful, honest, upright, fearless, clean in mind, and in body, tender to women and children, kind and considerate to all with whom they may be brought in contact."

What a cunning old platitudinist "Bobs" is! What use would the above characteristics be to a soldier in war time? "Truthful" he could not be when speaking of the "cowardly enemy"; nor "honest" and "upright" when stealing his enemy's country and looting his dwelling. "Clean in mind" he could hardly be after reading some of the provisions made under army regulations for the supply of women to gratify his lust, nor "in body" after years of intimacy with such women and the infamous dens in which they ply their trade. "Tender to women and children," indeed. How tender was "Bobs" to the Boer women and children when he ordered them to be thrown out into the freezing wind while their homes and furniture were set on fire.

"It was sufficient," wrote "An Officer in the Field," Dec., 1900, "that arms were discovered. Fire-wood was at once collected, the wives and little children, bedridden old men and women, were ordered out, without a moment's respite, and the homestead was burned before their eyes. It was mid-winter, and the nights were indescribably cold; heavy frost lay on the ground, and in these

thinly peopled districts there were often no neighbors to give them shelter. It was murder, as cold-blooded and deliberate as if they had been placed against a wall and shot; worse, indeed, because their sufferings would have been sooner over."

Lieutenant E. W. B. Morrison, *Ottawa Citizen*, Jan. 7, 1901, wrote: "From that on during the rest of the trek, which lasted four days, our progress was like the old-time forays in the highlands of Scotland two centuries ago. The country is very like Scotland, and we moved on from valley to valley 'lifting' cattle and sheep, burning, looting, and turning out the women and children to sit and cry beside the ruins of their once beautiful farmsteads."

Lord Roberts, you will remember was the commanding officer in South Africa.

How tender to women and children, and "kind and considerate to all" with whom they were brought in contact, have been the Italian soldiers at Tripoli. Yet "Bobs" says of them, "A desperate situation warrants desperate measures, and the severest is usually the most humane. The suffering of the innocent with the guilty is inevitable in war."

The "suffering of the innocent with the guilty" is the usual way the patriot hypocrite puts it, but the truth is that in war only the innocent suffer—the guilty escape.

Speaking at Brechin, Jan. 18, 1905, after the fall of Port Arthur. John Morley, M.P., quoted this press description of the scene in the streets of St. Petersburg when the news arrived: "In the streets of St. Petersburg mournful groups and desolate faces are met with everywhere. Heart-breaking scenes have taken place at the Admiralty, where wives and sisters of the Port Arthur heroes gathered to learn the fate of their loved ones."

Those innocent women suffered while the guilty conspirators who engineered the war escaped and probably even made money out of the war.

Mr. Morley also quoted this description of the fight for Port Arthur: "In these fierce hand-to-hand fights men grappled, raged, and tore each other like wild beasts, biting, clawing, and gouging each other's eyes out."

They were not at all "kind and considerate" to those with whom they "were brought in contact." They were trained soldiers, and had become more like wild beasts than men. They had those very characteristics which Earl Roberts rejoices that young Australians are to develop under their military instructors. They did not even know why they were fighting, or what for. They were just doing the will of brutal and guilty men far away in Russia and Japan.

As to the exhortation to be "clean in mind in body, tender to women and children," let us return to India. In a book called "The Queen's Daughters in India" (quite recently very ably reviewed by Ernest Jones in the *Maoriland Worker*), it is shown that this very man, Lord Roberts, was (as representative of the British ruling class) mainly responsible for the legalization and State regulation of the most detestable form of vice and prostitution that ever gripped working-class women and dragged them to the physical and social tortures of a twin hell.

Because an attack was made on a titled lady by a lustful soldier while she was out riding one evening, in the year 1856, representations were made to the military authorities by the lady herself concerning "the necessity for protecting high-born ladies from such risks by furnishing opportunities for sexual indulgence to the British soldiers," and the result was an organised and elaborate

system, approved by the Government, for the apportionment of native women to the regiments. The women of the working-class were thus legally offered up—a compulsory sacrifice—on the altar of military lust in order that high-born ladies might move about in comparative safety. O Christian England! No wonder that Mrs. Josephine Butler penned that scathing protest republished 25 years ago in the Methodist *Guide to Holiness*.

Under the Contagious Diseases Act, twelve to fifteen native women were placed within each regiment, and were allowed to consort with British soldiers only. The color line was strictly drawn. The women dwelt in special houses or tents, called Government Brothels, and were given tickets of license by the Christian Government.

Lord Roberts's Circular Memorandum, issued to General Officers commanding divisions and districts, dealt with venereal diseases, and contained suggestions for dealing with the same. It also declared that if "the women who practice prostitution are willing to submit themselves to examination by dhais or by medical officers, they can be allowed to reside in regimental bazaars." The Circular also emphasized how necessary it was to have a sufficient number of these women, and how care should be taken to secure attractive women; and it also contained other matter that may not be inserted in any ordinary clean newspaper.

It was further emphasized by Lord Roberts that a feeling should be encouraged amongst the soldiers that "it should be a point of honor to save each other from risk in this matter."

The author of this cowardly criminal scheme, this filthy abomination, gentle reader, was "Bobs"—who now exhorts the boys of Australia to be "upright, fearless, clean in mind and body, tender to women and children," etc. There was no tenderness shown to those women of India. Disease-stricken, morally wrecked, and physically ruined, after they had served the vile purpose of British Capitalism and Lord Roberts, they were ruthlessly flung aside to live in agony or die in despair!

Under the operation of this system of forced prostitution, female children from eleven years of age were dragged from their homes, sometimes they were bought with money supplied by the local magistrate—money furnished by the Government of Christian England for this abominable scheme. And this abduction, seduction, and purchasing and "procuring" was done by Lord Roberts's orders and under his auspices. "Be tender to women and children!"

Under the orders of Lord Roberts's officers, the police were sent into the villages, and girls from fourteen years of age were taken in batches of twelve to fifteen. The police had orders to select the best-looking girls, and these were ranged up in front of the colonel, who finally passed them, and they were handed over to degraded old women who had been placed in charge of the various houses of vice and ill-fame by the Government.

"Always tender to women and children!" The N.S.W. Labor Government has several times called to its aid men like Roberts (perpetrator of moral leprosy) and Kitchener (soulless legalised murderer)—men who are essentially the products of a vile military system. And, when a churchman arises with a call to a man—with such a leprous record of crime and horror clinging to his soul, as well as with such a burden of the sacrificed lives and the spilled blood of his fellow men and women upon him—to say a word in support of a monstrous militarism devised by traitors in the garb of Labor, it is time for the workers to give pause

and seek to learn the why and the wherefore of it all.

"Bobs" says, "Ask them (the boys) to place this ideal before themselves, to accept the training eagerly, not grudgingly, and to remember that it is not only duty, but an honor and a privilege to be able to defend their homes, their country, and the Empire should the necessity ever arrive." He should have said their masters' homes, their masters' country, for their landlords own it for the most part.

Those who sincerely believe that the conscript boys are to be taught only to defend the territory of Australia should carefully consider Lord Roberts's message. The militarists have quite different ideals and intentions, as the latter portion of the grand old manœuvre's message plainly demonstrates. He says the boys are to be asked to "remember that it is not only a duty, but an honor and a privilege, to be able to defend their homes, their country, and the Empire, should the necessity ever arise."

Defending the Empire will involve much more than the defence of Australia against the Asiatic—who is only a convenient bogey, anyhow. It will involve Australia in all European quarrels. It will send our conscript soldiers upon any marauding and farm-burning expedition that the Empire conspirators plan for us. Worse still, it will cause our conscript soldiers to turn their guns against men and women who strike for better conditions, even though they are their fathers, mothers, brothers, and sisters—"the enemies within," so-called by our sinister Minister for Defence.

Roberts, Kitchener, and other Empire generals have lived by acting as paid murderers for Empire robbers. In India they set caste against caste, in Egypt and North Africa they have done and are doing the same. In South Africa their operations were undisguised murder, and Kitchener and Ian Hamilton admit that they have fought for any nation that would employ them. They would go anywhere where there was murder to be done, regardless of the justice of the cause.

Are messages to the boys of Australia from such a quarter not sufficient evidence in themselves that there is treachery afoot, that we are being sold, as the Chinese would say, to "foreign devils"—in other words, to the international Capitalists?

Cessation of Sale of Crown Lands.

CESSATION of the sale of Crown lands is a plank of the P.I.L. platform; and the following extract from a Legislative Assembly document, No. 50 (December 12), is interesting, inasmuch as it shows that one resolution passed by the Labor Conference makes the Labor Government do as it likes:

Mr. Bruntnell asked the Secretary for Lands: "1. Has the State Government recently sold certain Crown Lands by auction? 2. If so, in what locality? 3. What were the areas sold? 4. What price was secured?" The answer was: "1. Yes; such lands were situated within town and suburban limits, and included some remnant country areas. 2 to 4. As Crown land in different parts of the State has been sold, it will be necessary to collect the information. This will be done and placed upon the table of the House in the form of a return if moved for in the usual way."

International Socialist Party.

NOMINATION FOR OFFICERS

Nominations are required for the following offices in the above Party for the ensuing half-year, such nominations to be handed in to the Secretary on or before 26th December: Secretary (one); Assistant-Secretary (one); Treasurer (one); Trustees (two); Executive (five); Auditors (two). J. BLUMENTHAL, Secretary.

SUNRISE AT LITTLE BAY.

FOR THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

BY H. E. HOLLAND.

VANGUARD by a light-robbed dawn
With rose-tints roving free,
The radiant sun rose yesternorn
Above a sapphire sea;
And far-flung shafts of lustrous light
Drove back each truant shade of night
That lingered on the lea;
And golden rays of glowing might
Flamed high like hope for Human Right
And Human Liberty!
Coast Hospital, Sept., 1911.

TO THE CHRISTIANS.

TAKE, then, your petty Christ,
Your gentleman God,
We want the carpenter's son,
With his saw and hod.

We want the man who loved
The poor and oppressed,
Who hated the Rich Man and King
And the Scribe and the Priest.
—FRANCIS ADAMS.

TEAR DOWN THE FLAUNTING LIE

(The following lines are good enough to be applied to the Australian flag that is to wave over the Labor Party's conscripts. It was published in the New York Tribune when in the chattel-slavery days a revenue cutter steamed out of Boston Harbor bearing back to slavery a fugitive black man.)

All hail the flaunting lie!
The Stars grow pale and dim;
The Stripes are bloody scars,
A lie the flaunting hymn.
It shields the pirate's deck,
It binds a man in chains,
It yokes the captive's neck
And wipes the bloody stain.

Tear down the flaunting lie!
Half-mast the starry flag,
Insult no sunny sky
With hate's polluted rag
Destroy it ye who can,
Deep sink it in the waves;
It bears a fellow man
To groan with fellow-slaves.

WAR.

WAR is the statesman's game, the priest's delight,
The lawyer's jest, the hired assassin's trade,
And, to those royal murderers, whose mean thrones
Are bought by crimes of treachery and gore,
The bread they eat, the staff on which they lean,
Guards, garbed in blood-red livery, surround
Their palaces, participate the crimes
That force defends, and from a nation's rage
Secure the crown which all the curses reach
That famine, frenzy, woe, and penury breathe.
These are the hired braves who defend
The tyrant's throne—the bullies of his fear;
These are the sinks and channels of worst vice
The refuse of society, the dregs
Of all that is most vile; their cold hearts blend
Deceit with sternness, ignorance with pride,
All that is mean and villainous, with rage
Which hopelessness of good, and self-contempt,
Alone might kindle; they are decked in wealth,
Honor and power, then are sent abroad
To do their work.
The pestilence that stalks
In gloomy triumph through some Eastern land
Is less destroying. They cajole with gold,
And promises of fame, the thoughtless youth,
Already crushed with servitude, he knows
His wretchedness too late, and cherishes
Repentance for his ruin, when his doom
Is sealed in gold and blood.
—SHELLEY

There is no future for men, however brimming with crude vitality, who are neither intelligent nor politically educated enough to be Socialists.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

The municipal elections which took place recently all over Belgium have resulted in the crushing defeat of the Clerical Party and the victory of the Socialist-Liberal alliance. In Brussels the Liberal-Socialist candidates polled 25,215 votes against 13,153 for the Catholics, and the candidates of the allied parties were also victorious at Liege, Namur, Charleroi, Mons, Antwerp, Bruges, Ghent, Verviers, and Louvain.

The Government of Egypt has suppressed the Nationalist newspaper *Misr-el-Futuh* on account of its articles against the Ministry.

Do not waste your time on social questions. What is the matter with the poor is poverty; what is the matter with the rich is uselessness.—GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

Knocked Out.

An Open Letter to the Evangelical Council.

BY PROFESSOR CONWAY WILLIAMS.

DEARLY BELOVED BRETHREN,—If I were an evangelist participating in the great prize fight between God and Satan, with humanity as the stakes, I should take for my text for a few Sundays the above two words: "KNOCKED OUT."

Having chosen my text, I should scarcely condescend to refer to the boxers' "knock out," which in the vast majority of cases is but the fleeting experience of a moment or two. A black eye, bleeding nose, and sprained thumb, are even more fleeting than a maiden's fashion beauty and are generously paid for. Accidents will happen, of course; and I have known a holy evangelist to drown because he could not swim, and some men engaged in the great prize fight referred to above have even ended up as potted meat. But life is too short, brethren, to strain hysterically at gnats and smilingly swallow camels, a performance you seem to excel in.

Having girded on my spiritual armour, I should not endeavor to get my most soul-stirring definition of *beatitude*, *punishment*, *collapse*, from a six-ounce glove-fight I had never seen. I should take my awe-struck congregations not through twenty three-minute round fights for a small fortune, but I should picture to them the degrading, unceasing struggle of thousands of my fellow creatures for little or no reward, which any one who has eyes can see going on all around. I would portray in burning words and scarlet colors not the imaginary sufferings of a few stout-hearted bruiser, but the real sufferings, blighted hopes, and broken hearts of thousands of bruised ones of the working class; then, with scalding irony, I would denounce the *beatitude* of learned Oxford and Cambridge men, lords, dukes, and earls—wealthy men and tricky statesmen, all of whom are well aware of the vile, degrading conditions prevailing—yet never put up a protest—conditions which are driving thousands of English men and women afar from their native soil. Nor should I forget to show the *beatitude* surroundings of many thousands left behind—let us say, for example, the one hundred thousand female home workers of London, the one hundred thousand ragged school children, and the thousands gripped by consumption for lack of good food and fresh air. I should dwell, long and loud, on the chronic *beatitude* of a so-called Christian system that annually sucks millions of pounds from a struggling mass of helpless humanity to expend it in bloody instruments of wholesale murder. I would round off my merciless indictment by showing the shameful degradation of the doctrines of the Prince of Peace at Christmas Eve in the reported refusal of the British Premier to receive a deputation from the Peace Society over the *hellishly brutal* abomination now being transacted between Italian and Turk.

In other *truthful* sermons, coming nearer home, I should want to know why immigrants from the old "home, sweet home," are committing suicide here; why numerous frantic appeals are being made here for thousands of poverty-stricken persons; why rent-racked slums exist here where consumption breeds and little babes wither away for want of fresh air; why every seat in every park in this city and about every mission are thronged daily with men permanently and hopelessly KNOCKED OUT, for few of these are ever helped to their feet by the evangelical givers of the charity crust and doss, and made fit to put up even a decent fight for a bare existence.

Dearest beloved brethren, in doing this I should be called a crank, but I should be a giant crank dealing with real evils affecting many thousands, and not a frothing, wriggling midge crank raving over imaginary grievances, which, even if they did exist, only affect the healthiest, jolliest, most robust section of the human crowd, well able to take care of themselves without evangelistic god-fathers.

Propaganda Fixtures.

SATURDAY.

Bay-street Botany: Rutherford, James.
Rozella: Shade.
Newtown: Walsh, Blumenthal, Duffield.

SUNDAY.

Domain: Special Anti-War Demonstration—Blumenthal (chair), Holland, Rutherford, James, Roche.
Market-Street: Chambers, Shade, James, Ackling.
Balmain: Roche.
Newtown: Walsh, Duffield.
Lithgow: Grant.

The Christmas Tree.

The following donations have been received towards the Christmas Tree:
H. Disdricks 2s. W. 2s. B. I. Edgewood, 3 books, Schweigermutter, 1 bottle wine, Bruchert, dolls' furniture.

K. G. DRUMMEL, Secretary.

Torture in Catholic Spain.

THE press is full of accounts of tortures in Spanish prisons. Under the heading "The Resurrection of the Tortures," Malata, writing in the Paris *Bataille Socialiste*, gives the most appalling accounts of tortures inflicted on prisoners in Spain, which seem to be every bit as bad under the premier-ship of the "Democrat" Canalejas as under the Clerical Maura. 2,000 persons have lately been arrested, mostly in the neighbourhood of Valencia, where, owing to the awful misery of the peasants, the popular movement has assumed a somewhat violent character. In Valencia itself the members of all the Labor organizations, the teachers and committee of the Modern School, are under arrest, and their premises closed. At Cullera, where a judge and another man had been killed, the premises of all the political associations—even the Monarchical Liberals—have been closed. The authorities have arrested the members of these associations, and 300 other persons, and are now trying by means of torture to extort confessions as to who is guilty of the above assassinations. They hang up the prisoners by the legs and then beat them with sticks. They make them kneel on chairs with their feet brought round the back of the chair, tie their hands behind their backs, and then, by means of a drawstring, bring their hands and feet together, ordering their victims to sing the "Marseillaise" while they are thus being tortured. They put cords round their necks, and pull in such a way as to bring the victims' heads between their legs. They then roll them over and over, the whole length of the room, four or five times, and then leave them abandoned for five or six hours. They take them to the cemetery and terrify them with threats of burying them alive. This playing with the torture of terror is one of the favorite amusements of these hangmen, who have become brutalised by enjoying the horrors of bull fights. During the former persecutions of the "Black Hand," despairing peasants were taken out, blindfolded, and led to suppose that their companions had already been shot, and that their own turn had now come. Now the victims' cries of pain are heard through all the streets of the town. And now twelve persons from whom confessions have been extorted under conditions such as those described above are to be executed.

Answers to Correspondents.

F.J.R., ADELAIDE.—Pamphlet not received.

A.S., Melbourne.—No branch of the S.F.A. has power to admit to membership any one who is a member of any other political party. If a branch did admit such a person, he would still not be a member. The very fact of his being a member of another party would immediately invalidate his membership of our party. The only way a branch could admit to its membership persons who are members of other parties would be by withdrawing from the S.F.A. Of course, the Conference could alter the rule; but it's hardly likely to do that. Even if the rule was not there, how on earth could a man consistently accept the anti-militarist position of the S.F.A. and the jingoistic conscription policy of the Labor Party? Also, how could a man believe in the internationalism of the S.F.A., and at the same time pledge himself to the anti-working-class "White Australia" policy of the Labor Party? Furthermore, how could anyone understanding Socialism accept the striker-jailing, capitalist-dominated Arbitration Courts and Wages Boards of the Labor Party? The man who calls himself a Socialist and wants to remain in the Labor Party cannot possibly comprehend what Socialism stands for.

C.W.G., Broken Hill.—Next week.

A.C., Bristol, Eng.—Thanks.

A.S., Lithgow: G.P., Lithgow.—Writing.

International Socialist Club.

Christmas Tree Celebrations.

Donations towards giving every child a present will be received by any of the Committee or the Steward and will be acknowledged in this paper.

K. G. DRUMMEL, Secretary.

Under the Auspices of the International Socialist Party.

A GREAT

Anti-War and Anti-Conscription Demonstration

Will be held in SYDNEY DOMAIN on

Sunday, December 24th, at 3 p.m.

Prominent speakers will voice the International Socialist movement's protest against legalised human butchery in every shape and form. All members are requested to attend.

J. BLUMENTHAL, Secretary.

Mick's Christmas Letter.

BY DORA B. MONTEFIORE.

It was the afternoon of Christmas Day at Parson's Creek Farm. The dun, spotted, and dappled cows were most of them lying down in the shade of a kurrajong tree, chewing contemplatively the cud. The tense quivering heat had hushed the song of the bird and the rustle of the iguana; not a breath of wind stirred the aromatic leaves of the gum trees, or the shreds of bark hanging from their white stark trunks. A couple of calves in a pen near the slab-built dairy bleated intermittently and despondently; and Bess the watch-dog lay in the dairy's widening shadow twitching from time to time an ear or a paw as a protest against the biting of the too persistent flies. Inside the house, Mr. Bunter (the boss) and his wife were sleeping the afternoon sleep of the just, the fitting celebration of the rare "holiday" that falls to the share of the Australian dairy farmer; whilst the two daughters of the household sat in their half-darkened bed-room, the elder trimming a hat, and the younger reading an old number of the *Bulletin*. Lil's childish voice with its sing-song Australian phrasing could be heard at intervals coming from the darkened room, rehearsing the happenings and the dressings of Sydney Society folk; and the sound as it reached the ears of little Mick Osborne in the lean-to shanty at the further end of the dairy, gave him a dreamy feeling of pleasure; for Lil was the only one on the dairy farm who ever threw him a kind word. Mick was kneeling on the ground writing on a grubby piece of paper spread before him on a milking stool. He formed the letters slowly and laboriously, and wrote after much licking of the point of his pencil. Two sides of a sheet had already been covered, and he was now resting a moment, absorbed in contemplation before the second sheet, his elbow on the stool, and the point of the pencil in his grubby mouth. His surroundings were certainly not of an inspiring character, for the lean-to contained only a cot with a couple of dirty blankets on which Mick slept at night; a kerosene tin, in which he washed his hands, and occasionally his face; and an old leather handbag, in which he kept his cherished possessions—the keel of a toy boat carved for him by a Norwegian sailor man friend, two greasy volumes of bush-ranger stories, and the works of a worn-out clock. As, on the cross-poles supporting Mick's bed-sitting room, several friendly larks perched at night, the floor of the lean-to was not in an altogether satisfactory state hygienically speaking; but as the boy only used the room from eight in the evening till three or four in the morning, this did not trouble him. He was too dog-tired at the end of the sixteen hour's day to think of anything but the physical desire to lie down in the bunk, draw a blanket over his head, and sleep . . . and sleep. Mick had been now for four months at Parson's Creek Farm, and during that time he had often thought of running away; but two considerations held him back. First he was sensitive, imaginative, and afraid of the dark; and secondly he had been told a gruesome story by Gladys, the elder daughter of the Bunters, about a boy who had filled Mick's unenviable position two years before, and who had tried running away. He got lost in the bush, and when his body was found ten days later by another dairy farmer whose place was fifteen miles further down the creek, the ants had eaten all the flesh from his face and chest. Mick, wearied out though he was after a day of finding, driving and milking the cows, of turning the handle of the separator, of washing the cans, and gathering wood for the fires, would sometimes wake up at night in a cold perspiration, and stare into the darkness, haunted by the horrible dream of thousands of devouring ants blinding his eyes and filling his ears; and he would call softly to old Bess, the yard dog, and try and persuade her to keep him company in the hut, for he did not feel so lonely and deserted after old Bess had licked his hand, and had dropped down consolingly by the side of the bunk.

Little Mick was fourteen, but he looked scarcely more than eleven or twelve. He had lived till last June with his mother in Balmain, in a mean dilapidated cottage of two rooms. When he asked sometimes where his father was, he was told to "shut up"; or as a variation was bidden "to shut his face." So he gave up asking about his father, and when the boys or the teachers at school questioned him, he learnt to reply "Father's dead." For he discovered the reply elicited sympathy, and sometimes a gift of lollies or fruit. Mick's school attendance was more voluntary and less compulsory than it should have been, and he made but little progress with his lessons. As a set-off to this backwardness in the absorption of orthodox knowledge, he made rapid progress in the use of highly colored language, picked up on the wharves, and from the sailor men who were constant visitors at his home. These men of many nationalities came and went in the life of little Mick, and, by the largesse they left with his mother, played a more important part than the child realised in the squalid tainted drama of his life. Some, like the

kindly Norwegian, would never come without a gift "for the kid"; others would scowl or swear at him from the time they swung in at the creaking door, till the time his mother sent him off to his bed in the back kitchen. The light from the room where his mother and her friend were sitting, streamed under the door, and he could hear a comforting murmur of voices, a clatter of plates, and at times the echo of an interesting if too familiar wrangle. Mick's mother was kind to him in her rough way, and when not in drink would give him moral advice about not running round with Charlie Sullivan or Jim Stokes, who "were dead sure to be lagged some day"; but she lived too loose a life to follow up with any care these erratic homilies, and little Mick played truant when he liked, spent his days and nights on the wharves, and knew subconsciously most of the evil that contaminated the waterside haunts of a great city. But though this evil lay dormant in the subconsciousness of little Mick, it did not soil his child soul, for there was some power of innocence and of good in him, which made him an admiring spectator of the doings of Charlie and of Jim, without being an active participant in their misdeeds; and the boy reached the age of thirteen, without having come prominently into conflict with the police. But when Mick was thirteen trouble befell him; his mother was ill, took to her bed, and, in spite of the ministrations of her little son, who slept for nights at the end of her bed, and boiled the kettle for tea and fetched the doctor's stuff, she was finally driven off in an ambulance to the hospital, where Mick was not allowed to visit her. He would have liked to have got a license to sell papers in the streets, but Charlie advised him not to try, because he was so small, and looked so young that the authorities might run him in for not attending school; so Mick took Charlie's advice and lay low, but indulged in an "unlicensed" life of the streets, earning his tucker by helping and running errands for boys who were licensed, and sleeping at night about the wharves, or in a neighbor's stable. This ideal life continued till one Sunday a raid on a Chinaman's garden was planned by some of the choice spirits of the Jubilee-street "push," and Mick was appointed by the leader as one of the scouts to be on the look out, and give an alarm in case of danger to his pal hidden in the scrub a few dozen yards off. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, Mick saw Jim Stokes suddenly bearing down on him with a large cauliflower in his arms. "Here, stow this away, Mick!" was Jim's greeting; and the next moment he had disappeared into the bush, and an angry gesticulating Chinaman had taken his place. Mick, acting on impulse, dropped the cauliflower, and tried to follow Jim, but caught his feet in some entanglement arranged by the too frequently plundered Chinaman, and fell face foremost into a squelchy, boggy piece of earth prepared for the reception of young vegetables rather than of young boys. The next moment the Chinaman had him by the collar, and Mick's subsequent experiences were, being handled none too gently by a police constable, a rough cleaning down at the Children's Court, and an appearance next morning before the Magistrate paid to administer reproof and punishment to the duly impressed morsels of humanity charged before him with various breaches of the law. Most of the children came accompanied by parents or friends. Mick was alone. His offence was detailed in legal terms that gave him a puzzled wondering feeling as to whether they were talking about him or some other boy. Then a constable gave evidence to the effect that he had been round to the address Mick had given in Balmain, and had found another family living in the cottage. On enquiring among neighbors he elicited the fact that Mrs. Osborne, the boy's mother, was in the hospital. After this there was a whispered conference between the barrister and the magistrate, who was given a written document to read. Then the old gentleman hummed and shook his head, and looked at Mick over his spectacles, and asked him if he did not feel he was a very bad boy, and if he did not know there was a commandment against stealing? Mick's face worked, but he was too shy and overwhelmed to say anything.

"Do you go to Sunday school?" asked the magistrate, looking more and more severe.

"No," faltered Mick.

"Don't you know the commandments? How many are there?"

Silence.

"Speak up, and answer His Worship," said the barrister.

"Seven," ventured Mick.

"This is terrible," boomed the magistrate. "I'm afraid you are a very wicked boy, and I shall have to put you on probation. Now, who do you say (turning to the constable) will be responsible for this boy till his mother comes out of the hospital?"

To be concluded.

The linesmen employed by Labor-member Frazer's postal department are dissatisfied with their sweated wages. Why don't they strike? They'd get attended to smartly then.

S.F.A. News & Notes.

National Executive.

MEETING of Ad. Council held at secretary's residence on Dec. 14. Present: Winspear, Rutherford (Sydney), Walsh, Slade, (Newtown), and Holland, general secretary.

Correspondence from Broken Hill, re conference, and endorsing Ad. Council recommendations; from Newtown, intimating that Walsh and Slade had been appointed National Executive members.

Resolved to recommend that Conference be held at Adelaide, as arranged for Conference that was allowed to lapse.

A report was received from sub-committee appointed re THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST, and it was resolved to send a recommendation to the Branches.

Newtown.

At the Branch meeting held on Thursday evening, J. Walsh and G. H. Slade were selected as National Executive members. Administrative Council recommendations were endorsed; and it was resolved to hold anti-war meetings at Newtown Bridge on Dec. 24.

Good meetings were held at Newtown on both Saturday and Sunday nights, with successful sales of literature.

Members are specially asked to attend next meeting—Dec. 28—which will be the last meeting held this year.—ANNIE DUFFIELD, Sec. (15-12-11.)

Adelaide.

We have to report more sympathetic meetings Saturday nights, and improved returns from sales of THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST, owing to the efforts of Comrades R. Bennett, Mrs. A. K. Wallace, and others.

We welcomed Comrade Fred J. Riley on Sunday night. He was looking weak, but full of courage.

We are about to lose Com. Barringer, who is going to Westralia. Comrade Bryant has returned.

We are a small enthusiastic band, with half a dozen fair speakers at outdoor work, but we lack a good Sunday night lecturer.—JOHN LANDRIDGE, Press Secretary. 11-12-11.

Sydney.

A splendid meeting was held in the Domain last week, the speakers being Roche, and James, with Grant in the chair. A collection resulted in 18s 6d being added to our propaganda fund.

The Market-street meeting had its usual success, a good literature sale being reported.

The new meeting place at Bay-street, Botany, is proving a success in every way. The speakers receive a good hearing, and the literature sales increase every week. We have hopes of forming a branch of the S.F.A. in this working-class district shortly.

On Sunday, Dec. 24th, a big anti-war and anti-conscription meeting will be held in the Domain. Prominent Socialist speakers will address the audience from a lorry. On this Saturday afternoon (Dec. 23) the presentation to Mrs. Dora B. Montefiore will take place, and all members of the various branches of the S.F.A. and Club are invited to be present; also friends.

Mr. Amore Tilse, secretary of the Combined Unions, Mackay, Q., and also printer of the *Pioneer*, was a visitor to THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST last week. He is on a holiday visit to Sydney.

Balmain.

Successful meetings were held Saturday and Sunday.

Comrades Sloane and McKurley have been elected National Executive members.

The Balmain branch held the usual meetings at Rozelle on Saturday of last week. Comrade Moore (chair). Blumenthal and Talbot were the speakers. On Sunday, at Rowntree-street, Comrade James was the principal speaker.

Labor-members Carpenter and Bolton tried to persuade the Koombana crew to resume work and allow an investigation of their complaints to be made later. The "try on" didn't work.

Owing to going to press earlier than usual with the paper this week on account of the Christmas holidays, we have been compelled to hold over a special article on "United for Seaberry: The Seamen's Union, Judge Higgins, and the Steamship Owners." Also several branch reports and other items.

The N.S.W. "Labor" Government paid 2s. a day extra to the police who "did duty" on the wharves during the recent wharf-laborer's strike. This should be joyful news to Mr. Hughes's supporters.

THIS SATURDAY AFTERNOON,

at 3 o'clock.

Farewell Presentation to

MRS. DORA B. MONTEFIORE,

At Club Rooms, 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

H. E. HOLLAND WILL BE PRESENT.

Members and Friends Invited.

The Saviour of Men.

BY F. L. MINARGO.

NEARLY 2,000 years ago, they say, was born to us a Saviour; and almost every church throughout the world will be once again assuring us of our redemption.

How many workers are there who fare better or live better for the theological redemption propagated by the churches?

In the old days the slave at least got his tucker, whereas many a wage slave and his dependents nowadays starve.

"The poor shall always be with you," they credit Jesus with having said, and this would surely indicate that we can hope for nothing from that quarter.

The poor shall always be with us while we tolerate the present method of producing and distributing the necessities of life, and it behoves us—the workers—to get a move on.

WHAT IS TO BE DONE FOR THE WORKER MUST BE DONE BY THE WORKER. It is no use waiting for another Saviour—political or industrial. Even if such were forthcoming, the worker would only get what he got from the last, viz: A big dose of extra work prior to Fat celebrating his advent.

Fat—or some of him—will condescendingly wish his slaves the "Compliments of the Season" in much the same manner as he drops a "quid" into the collection plate from his decorated pew on Christmas morning.

"Goodwill towards men!"

What hypocrisy! What hide!

Why, next year—and any other year—they will argue the point with the worker and denounce him and put him in jail because he dares to demand a bob or two more out of the pounds he's accumulating for Fat.

We have blamed the Big Bellies long enough; and, if things continue as they are, the worker must blame himself for putting up with it.

It's high time we gave up asking for ten and twelve per cent of our earnings, and began to ask for 100 per cent. On second thoughts, we shouldn't ask for anything—we should take it—it's ours.

Workers, Unite! Drop this craft organization, and start at once to organize throughout the world into a mighty irresistible army with but one splendid object in view—the emancipation of our class, and prove that THE SAVIOUR OF THE PEOPLE IS THE PEOPLE.

We will then be in a fair way to the realisation of that golden precept "Love one Another," and will lift Peace and Goodwill toward men from the nonsensical, and imbue it a deeply intelligible meaning.

H. Scott Bennett passed through Sydney en route for Melbourne on Friday. Our comrade, who looks in splendid health, will return to Sydney for one week shortly.

Maintenance Fund.

For "The International Socialist."

M. Is. Sheed 1s, Mrs. Dunn 2s, H. Schwartz 2s, Duffield 2s 6d, F. Holland 1s, Mrs. H. E. Holland 1s, Russian Comrades in Queensland (B. Lenkowsky 2s 6d, G. Rodowsky 2s 6d, K. Malinowsky 1s, J. Streechey 2s 6d, P. Shabb 2s 6d, S. Medvedeff 1s, A. Acmet 1s, J. Stolarsky 2s, W. Gray 1s, Michael Wassilief 2s, Aspet 1s) 19s.

Total for week, £1 9s 6d.

In last week's acknowledgements Bruchert 6d should have read Bruchert 2s. Being a misprint, it leaves the total the same.

The Press Fund.

Amounts donated to this Fund are devoted solely to liquidating the debt on the Printing Plant used to produce THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST.

	£	s	d
Already acknowledged	-	124	1
Collected at Domain Meeting	-	0	18
Collected at Club Social	-	0	9
W. Layley, Victoria	-	0	10

Total - - - - - 125 19 5

Advanced as Loans.

Already acknowledged	-	5	0
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Balance - - - - - 129 1 6

All communications to be addressed to O. W. Jorgensen, secretary, Press Fund Committee 274 Pitt-street, Sydney.

International Socialist Party.

HALF-YEARLY GENERAL MEETING.

A full attendance of members of the above Party is requested at the Half-Yearly General Meeting, to be held in the rooms, 274 Pitt Street, Sydney, on Thursday Evening, December 28.

Business: Election of officers for the ensuing half-year, and Secretary's half-yearly report. Balance Sheet to be brought up at first meeting in January, 1912. And any other business that might arise.

J. BLUMENTHAL, Secretary.

A TWENTIETH CENTURY GOD.

Far beyond the edge of history, when this earth was wild and savage, And man had come to wander on its cracked and crusted soil, There were portents in the heavens that he viewed with awe and wonder, So for safety and protection he straightway built a god.

All his thoughts were crude and clumsy, and his gods were rude and shapeless, Rough blocks of stone or timber, but they served his purpose then, He knelt and bowed before them with a primitive obeisance, They held the place of honor in his subterranean den.

As the centuries moved onward, so the troglodyte moved also, A better type of god was hewn to meet his altered view, There were gods of bronze and marble, set in temples bright and gaudy, There were gods to suit Many, and gods to suit the Few.

But the age of bronze has vanished, and a marble god is useless, Though set in temples dainty, with rococo beauty scrolled, We have sought and found another, more potential than any, His grip is on the nations, and his Christian name is Gold.

It is he that all men worship from the poles to the equator, From east to west he sweeps men in, beneath his molten rod, All the gods that went before him were but spurious carven idols, He is the mightiest earth has known, the universal god.

While the mumbling priest chants liturgies in his dim-lit sanctuary, The harlot trades and bargains on the street where vice is sold, Each but obeys the mandate of this magic world wide fetish, And both are crucified at last upon a Cross of Gold.

—SHELLBACK, in the Socialist.

"Peace on Earth."

"Christ was anti-war. 'Put up the sword; they that take the sword shall perish by the sword.'"

Behold this was his last command, Yet ye dare to cry to Christ in prayer, With red and reeking sword in hand, Ye dare to do as devils dare! Ye liars—liars great and small, Ye cowards—cowards, cowards all!

—MORRISON DAVIDSON'S Son of Man.

The Krupp factories at Essen, Germany, are busy night and day turning out arms and munitions of war. The capitalist rulers of the various nations are drilling and equipping working class men to go and murder each other, while hunger riots break out owing to the famine cost of food. Capitalism leads to war, murder, and starvation. Socialism leads to peace and plenty. For this reason the kindest hearts, noblest minds and most robust workers are aligning themselves under the red banners of the Socialist movement.

Every war is a war for the rich—but the poor do the fighting.

A soldier in a capitalist army is a workman who is paid to murder other workmen upon the order of the enslavers of the workmen.

The armies of the world are becoming so honey-combed with Socialism that they cannot much longer be depended upon to shoot down their fellow-men.

Portugal has decided to purchase some warships and artillery. British capitalists will lend £10,000,000 for this, provided the warships are built in England.

Forwards reckons the total cost to Germany of the "armament madness" at £250,000,000.

The massacre of Chinese in Nanking by Manchus is estimated at 60,000.

The present Pope gave his blessing to the campaign of murder in Tripoli, just as one of his predecessors blessed the man-killing, thieving excursion of the robber "William the Conqueror" into England.

The Christian Church upholds the work of murder called war, while the materialistic Socialists denounce it.

Italy is spending 2½ millions a month on the war in Tripoli.

The ruling power for peace throughout the world, and the one which has most to be reckoned with by all governments at the present moment, is the organised Socialist movement. It is the avowed enemy of legalised murder generally known as war.

Every country is arming to the teeth. But it lies with the Socialists to defeat the spirit of capitalism, to stamp "obsolete" on every devilish device of war, whether it be sabre or gunboat.

Over one thousand anti-militarists have been arrested in Italy.

Japan's new ministry intend spending £35,000,000 on naval armaments.

"Reuter's correspondent at Tripoli, after acknowledging the provocation given by simultaneous frontal and rear attacks, says that while the engagement was proceeding an insurrection broke out in the town itself, and this maddened the Italians. For a few minutes they took cover in the buildings, and then rushed forth and killed every Arab they met. Arabs were caught and shot in masses."

"Soldiers penetrated every portion of the oasis, shooting indiscriminately all whom they met, without trial, without appeal. For three days the popping of rifles marked the progress of the troops. Innocent and guilty alike were wiped out. Many of those killed were quite young. Many women also perished in the confusion."

"The correspondent of the London Daily Mirror states that during a ride through the suburbs of Tripoli, he passed a mass of 50 bodies of Arabs, men and boys, who had been herded into a small space, enclosed by three walls, and fired upon until none were left alive."

"Mr. Frank Magee, press photographer, who has just returned to London with the pictures he took of the fight on October 23, states:—'I saw one group of 40 Arabs—some wounded, others dead beat. The soldiers prodded them along. I saw an officer strike a man with his wrists tied together a savage blow with the scabbard of his sword in the lower part of the abdomen. I saw a soldier strike another man a savage blow with his fist on the face. I saw an officer spur his horse forward, with a heavy sjambok in hand, and strike an old prisoner, who could not drag himself along fast enough. I saw a soldier snatch a stick from the hand of a wounded prisoner, who could only hobble along, and throw it into the sand. The other soldiers laughed with glee. Three prisoners were brought, roped together by the wrists. Two were very old and poor; the third was a tall, fine, young Arab, in a white linen robe. The old men sank on the ground, weary, but resigned. The young one wildly protested his innocence, and when his protestations were jeered at raised his bound hands and prayed. After an hour the end came. The three were brought out of the courtyard. A soldier loosed the rope that bound them. An officer, pointing to the desert, said 'Bourra,' which means 'Get along.' It was a ghastly comedy. The men wonderingly interpreted it as meaning that they were ordered to march out into the foodless desert. The young Arab again protested that he had done nothing to deserve such punishment. They were prodded again, and told to go. They had not gone 10 yards before the sound of a dozen rifle-boats shooting home showed them the point of the comedy. The young Arab looked round and shrieked. The rifles rang out, and the three lay in a huddled heap on the sand. Another volley was poured into them as they lay. One still moved, and a soldier, drawing his bayonet, plunged it into the man's heart. I was not allowed to photograph the execution, but I photographed the bodies as they lay. There was no pretence of trial or court-martial. One of them, I discovered, was breathing some time afterwards. I pointed this out to an officer, who called a soldier, who put a bullet in the dying man's head. The soldiers seemed to find fiendish glee in killing.'"

M. Cossera, special correspondent of the Paris *Eclair*, says:—"I cannot rid my eyes of it, and am still sick and trembling. Who could ever have imagined what we have had to look at: the rush to assassinate, the hcatombs of old women, men, and children; the executions by heaps; the piles of mangled flesh, smoking under the wool of the burnouses, like human incense burnt before the ruined altar of a dearly-bought victory. Whilst going away from the cavalry post I came upon 100 corpses thrown against the wall where they had been shot down. I passed an Arab village. A native family was there, round a burnt-out fire, where they were about to eat. They were all dead. One little girl had thrust her head into a box, not to see anything; another had fallen back on a cactus bush."

The *Frankfurter Zeitung* correspondent says: "The Arabs did not shoot European civilians, but shot many soldiers, and on this account the panic which arose among the troops was increased owing to the helplessness of the officers. A wild man-hunt began. The troops were then ordered to fire on women and children. At least 3000 natives have been executed or shot down. I witnessed myself unheard-of atrocities."

A Column for Churchmen.

CLEANSED BY OUR RELIGIOUS EDITOR.
"Love ye one another as I have loved you."

Let us carry our results from the world of theory into the world of sense.

Superstition is the child of ignorance and the mother of misery.

I sympathise with the poor clergyman who has had all his common-sense educated out of him.

We are now having the same warfare between Superstition and Science that there was between the stage-coach and the locomotive.

Superstition must go. Science will remain.

The holiest temple beneath the stars is a home that love has built, and the holiest altar in all the wide world is the fireside around which gather father and mother and the sweet babes.

Our ignorance is God. What we know is Science.

Supernatural Religion will fade from the earth, and in its place we will have Reason.

We do believe that it is better to love men than to fear gods—that it is grander and nobler to think and investigate for yourself than to repeat a creed.

Eternal punishment—a doctrine that makes God a heartless monster, and Man a slimy hypocrite and slave.

Religion has not civilised man. Man has civilised religion. God improves as man advances.

"They have set up a religion of pomp and reverence in pretended imitation of a person whose life was one of humility and poverty."

The believer at Rome is an infidel at Mecca.

It is laid down in Deuteronomy: "If thy brother, the son of thy mother, or thy son, or the wife of thy bosom, shall differ from thee—kill him."

There is no darkness, but ignorance. Reason builds. Superstition destroys.

I believe in the Religion of Reason.

The miracle of inspiration lies at the foundation of all Religions.

Shakespeare rises above all the sacred books of the religious world.

The prophet gone, the philosopher takes his place and reasons from effect to cause.

If your conscience don't condemn you, I won't.

There was a time when man sought aid from heaven—when he prayed to a deaf sky.

The natural is true; the miraculous is false.

It is a hide-bound religion that will not let a man alone when he is dead, but will burn him.

For the establishment of facts, the word of man is now considered better than the word of God.

Theology is a Superstition, Humanity a Religion.

For my part, I never will, never can worship a God who upholds the institution of slavery. I neither want his heaven nor his hell.

To put chains on the body is nothing compared with putting shackles on the brain.

Except for the influence of the Socialists, Europe would be a seething field of carnage to-day.

"The Italians having set themselves to cow the Arabs, the floodgates of blood and lust were opened. Men got beyond control, and the innocent suffered with the guilty."

"The Italian Premier will not state how many prisoners were shot after the battle, but says 2200 Arabs were deported."

While British soldiers were shooting the British workers, King George was shooting snipe on the immense game preserves of the Duke of Devonshire.

Italian Socialists have secured another parliamentary seat, having won the district of Lari, never before carried by them. The vote stood: Government candidate, 564; Socialist, 3,196.

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Read, not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.—FRANCIS BACON.

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Abuse isn't criticism. The "real" critic cannot be bought with the cash of Capitalism. This explains why those who direct attacks against the Revolutionary Socialists make abuse their ammunition. The man who resorts to slander is always capable of being purchased.

I HAVE HAD SUCH JOY.

I have had such joy on the earth,
So many of the things that seemed to have started
wrong have ended right.
So many of the ecstasies have come out of so many
of the sorrows of the years.
So many of the cloudy mornings have so opened
the way to the most sunny afternoons,
Evil has everywhere and always so refused to stop
with evil and has gone on to good,
Death has everywhere and always so refused to
stop with death and has gone on to life,
That I stand happy and satisfied, surveying the
tangle through which I have broken a way.
—HORACE TRAUBEL.

Port Adelaide Notes.

BY WATERSIDER.

IN spite of the exposures by THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST of the failure of Arbitration and the fallacy of Denny's Coercion Act, and in spite of letters in the Adelaide press, the L.P. remains silent. Its principles and its policy are so utterly rotten that it dare not debate them either with voice or pen.

Last week the Home Rule envoys were here. Labor Speaker Harry Jackson (late of the Port Pirie smelters) was in evidence, and loudly voiced the usual clap-trap about liberty, but quite forgot to mention the things done by the Labor Party at Rundle-street, Renmark, and other places.

The Labor Party's only answer to the Socialists' exposures of the L.P.'s scab conduct is that we are jealous of them, that things can't be changed all at once, and that "we are doing our best."

Still it is pleasing to notice that, in spite of the heavy burdens placed on the back of the workers, also the heavy expense of supporting a traitorous party, which is Labor only in name, the Socialists manage to get the hearing of a large number of workers who have liberally purchased Socialist papers and books.

Several attempts have been made to break up the Socialist meetings addressed by Spillman, but these efforts have not been attended with success.

Workers, friends, comrades! Your power is unlimited. You are the creative force behind all history. Down with your slums and open wide your castle gates. The wealth of the world is rightly and morally yours. You are the inheritors of the invention and genius of the past.

Saturday evening last the Laborites had an open-air meeting to discuss municipal matters. The elections take place next Saturday. The late mayor, Mr. Rofe, a man who was well-known during the drivers' strike for his generous regard for Labor (I don't think) decided to let the Labor candidate have a walk-over. So much for the policy of Labor, fighting or opposing capitalist interests. They go hand in glove.

Certainly there is need of improvement in this place. The streets are filthy. Outside one butcher's shop here the blood is on the pavement, and filth gathers fast, and flies gather and spread their dirt everywhere.

Nothing is said of this by the Labor speakers, and they never once mentioned a proposal for an open space for the children to play in. The little ones have only the dirty and dangerous streets, with dirty sheep's blood flowing down, sometimes remaining stagnant, and the flies are detestable, and the smell—well, I cannot describe it.

When the wind blows here, the roads being mostly patched up with rubbish, you cannot see your own friends for dust-storm. Last week the men did nothing in the way of work, and to-day (Monday) they are lying about, very few vessels being in.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST is being talked about here, and the straight-out articles which have appeared are getting home.

The S.S. Koombana's trouble is admitted to be disgraceful, especially the sending of two lots of union men to scab on their mates. Justice Higgins practically told the union if it did not send a crew to scab, the seamen would learn something re their case before the Court.

Hurrah for the Labor Party! Its fine capitalistic laws and law courts are just the same as the masters' Liberal courts, and so the Labor fakirs are killing themselves, and are driving the working men into the fight for Industrial Unionism and Socialism.—27.11.11.

Minister for Education Coneybeer, speaking to the delegates of the Saddlery Trades Federation, let this gem fall from his lips: "He urged them to use the reasoning powers they possessed as members of this council, to move step by step, and prove their calling, ever remembering it was not 'revolution,' but gradual 'evolution,' that they needed. The delegates (among whom was one ex-S.L.P. man) cheered the foolish remark. Whenever the Labor Party speaks of revolution, its eyes bulge with horror at the spectre of blood that its disordered middle-class mind conjures up, and its over-fed stomach makes it dream cruel nightmares of the French revolution."

I have copied the following from a society paper, the Critic, of Oct. 31, 1911. I did not see it in a Labor journal. At a society function held here, the following "Labor"

ladies and gentlemen were present: Mrs. E. Goode; Mrs. Coneybeer, in black velvet costume with vest of cream lace over net; Mrs. Wilson, black silk toilette; Mr. Wilson; Mr. Coneybeer.

The above Labor idols hobnobbed with these great friends of the workingman (I don't think): Lady Bosanquet (Gov.'s wife), Lady Way, Lady Symon, Sir Samuel Way (Chief Justice), Sir Josiah Symon, Sir Lancelot Stirling.

No wonder they don't believe in revolutionary methods; no wonder Mr. Wilson turned his back on the general strike and denounced the downing of tools.—30.11.11.

Adelaide Notes.

BY INDUSTRIALIST.

THE majority of the members of the Builders' Laborers' Union have found employment with the small contractors and speculative builders at the rates of wages recently demanded by the union, 10s per day. The large contractors have refused to pay more than 9s per day, and as a consequence their jobs have been hung up.

During the past week several meetings of the Employers' Federation has been held to consider the best method of bringing pressure to bear on the small contractors to refuse to pay more than the 9s rate.

It has been stated in the press that in the event of those employers who are paying the 10s refusing to comply with the wishes of the Employers' Federation not to pay more than 9s, they will have their supplies of lime, bricks, timber, etc., stopped.

It appears that this threat has already been put into effect, as I have met several laborers who were put off because their employers were unable to obtain supplies of building material.

It is expected that if the small contractors are forced to obey the demands of the Employers' Federation, the laborers will be informed of the fact at the week end when they are being paid, and that they will be given the alternative of either accepting 9s day or ceasing work.

The futility of craft unionism is again in evidence, as the officials of the B.L.U. have stated that, in the event of their members being locked out, they will send them to other States where the rate of wages demanded is being paid. This dire threat must have caused great hilarity among the exploiting class, and probably led to the cracking of a few extra bottles of champagne to drink to the toast of craft unionism.

Honest John is still determined to uplift humanity, and doubtless with this object in view he moved in the House of Assembly on Tuesday last for the appointment of wages boards for the masons and bricklayers, and another for the plasterers. He gave as his reasons that the Master Builders' and Contractors' Association had asked for the boards to be appointed.

The Holy City has been favored by the presence of J. T. Packer, organising secretary of the Victorian Society of Free Scab Workers, who states in a press interview that he had arrived in the Holy City at the invitation of many workers who desire to join such an association as his, which desires to do away with strikes and lockouts, and to endeavor to harmonise the varying interests of Capital and Labor.

The workers who invited Packer to S.A. could not have been aware of the presence of the Union Mortuary, or was it that they were of the opinion that Packer and his strike-breaking organisation would be a decided acquisition to the Mortuary?—8.12.11.

Every new subscriber YOU get for THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST is a probable Soldier of the Revolution.

Although the P.L.L. contains "Abolition of Capital Punishment," the Labor Party's Criminal Appeal Bill provides for the carrying out of the death penalty if certain judges think it ought to be carried out.

Get into the firing line. The S.F.A. is the fighting vanguard of the working-class movement in Australia. Form a branch in your district.

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A Column of Clippings.

A MAN is no less a slave because he is theoretically free. The wage worker must sell himself day by day to a master and get in return his board and keep. There is no escape from this bondage for the great majority of wage slaves, save through the abolition of the wage slave system.

The steadfast aim of the intelligent and efficient capitalist is combination among capitalists and disunion among the workers and as long as they can keep the men apart, split them up into antagonistic groups and scatter the seeds of enmity among them, capitalism is safe.

A wrong done to a brother man is a wrong done to me.

Socialism, which is accused of having merely material ends in view, would do more for spirituality than any religion.

The struggle for existence is unworthy of mankind. The most successful of the lower forms of life are those which practice mutual aid.

No man is worthy the name who does not study and seek to improve the conditions in which he lives.

Had spiritual and intellectual progress advanced in the same ratio as material development, man would now be truly civilised.

The worst and most soul-deadening evils are bred in the bones of mankind by the struggle for daily bread.

The multiplication of laws and lawyers is a sore evil under the sun. It proves that the Yankee philosopher was right when he said: "Mankind is a damned rascal."

The woman's movement will have a far-reaching effect on society in future. The institutions of the past, which enslave the present age, will be thrown into the melting pot, and woman will assert her right to a voice in the re-building of the social system.

It is real Socialists who will destroy the bugaboo which some call "State Socialism."

The trouble with a labor party is that it appears to be content to always labor for the other fellow.

Socialism may be the Worker's dream, but it is undoubtedly the master's nightmare.

A working man with a capitalist conscience is a traitor to himself, his family, and his class.

Books are so cheap, yet how many homes are bookless!

A family is not well when some of its members are sick, nor is a nation rich when some of its members are paupers.

All truth is safe, and nothing else is safe; and he who keeps back the truth, or withholds it from men, from motives of expediency, is either a coward or a criminal, or both.—MAX MULLER.

Private ownership of property is private power to rob; Social ownership of property (Socialism) is to place life within the power of all humanity.

The only true Labor Party is the Socialist Party.

If the workers were wise their condition would be otherwise.

Workers united are invincible; divided, invisible.

No man can wreck Socialism by his foolishness. No man can stay Socialism by imposing his little bulk before it.

Politics reflect the economic basis of society. When the economic basis changes, the political superstructure changes also. The advance of Socialism shows that the master class is losing its economic power and that the workers are getting it.

The truth outlasts anything that has been tried. It often presents a mighty shabby appearance, but after the ball is over it is still on the job.

The cream of life has been skimmed too often.

Slavery to the truth can be tolerated.

To be found out, there lies the crime.

Many useless and wasteful occupations are followed just for a living.

Love is the sprinkler that keeps fresh the garden of achievement.

Stubbornness need not be a sign of stupidity—if you are stubborn for the right.

Love renders its objects invisible of defects.

Hypocrisy is the step-mother of truth, trying to palm herself as the real one.

The worst part of war is that it injures those not in it most.

Facts are more stubborn than some children.

The conflict between labor and capital is irrepressible because capital assumes the right to exploit labor. So long as wealth is privately owned this condition will continue. The only way to stop the conflict is for labor to own the wealth collectively.

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Secretary: J. W. TRAVIS.

S.F.A., South Australian Branch.

Headquarters: Wakefield-street, Adelaide.
LECTURES in Socialist Hall, Wakefield-street, every Sunday evening.
MEETINGS in Botanic Park every Sunday at 3.
Secretary: BARRINGER.

S.F.A., Lithgow Branch.

Chairman: J. SULLIVAN.
Secretary: T. Atkinson, c/o G. Little, Oakley Park, Lithgow.

S.F.A., Port Pirie Branch.

Headquarters: Ellen's rook, Port Pirie.
Meetings every Monday night.
C. Cesare, sec. pro tem. F. Price, Chairman.

S.F.A., Hawthorn Branch.

Meets every Tuesday at 308 Burwood-road, Hawthorn, Vic. President: D. LINDSAY. Secretary: D. NOKES.

S.F.A., Balmain branch.

Holds open-air meetings at Rozelle every Saturday evening; Balmain every Sunday evening. Business meetings, Oddfellows' Hall, Balmain, every Tuesday. Secretary: M. MOORE, 21 Lawson-street, Balmain.

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